

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island. (Entered at the postoffice at Rock Island, Ill., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3, 1879.)

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

Rock Island Member Associated Press. Full Released Wire Report.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island, 145, 146 and 147.



Monday, September 18, 1916.

Rock Island—From River to River.

The defeated candidate is blissfully aware that he doesn't have to face another possible defeat in November.

There's a fortune waiting for the man who invents an effective way of distributing the sun's heat more equitably through 12 months of the year.

If that young buck Joseph G. Cannon keeps on getting himself nominated for congress he may become his party's candidate for speaker in course of time.

The young St. Louis woman who bit a dentist did nothing that many others would not like to do. If the dentists hunt our teeth why shouldn't we use our teeth to get even?

The president of the Navy league predicts that the European war will continue another five years. Which announcement doubtless will be distressing news to the league's membership, many of whom are interested in the manufacture of war munitions.

Not the least of the harm done by repeated private bank failures is in shaking the faith of the uninformed in all financial institutions. A bank is a bank to many of the smaller depositors, especially the newly arrived foreigner, and when one goes under he loses confidence in all of them. The state legislature should not be slow in providing a remedy for this situation, affording protection alike to the sound and honestly conducted bank and the depositor.

Raymond Robins has been challenged to a debate on the chief questions of the presidential campaign by Mrs. Annette Funk, with whom he fought side by side in the progressive camp. Mr. Robins has joined the Hughes forces and Mrs. Funk has declared for Wilson. Mrs. Funk says she can't understand how Mr. Robins consistently can vote for Mr. Hughes assuming that he was sincere in all his utterances while battling before Armistead. Of course, Mr. Robins, being a gentleman, will not refuse Mrs. Funk the opportunity she asks. If the debate takes place it ought to prove one of the liveliest and most interesting features of the campaign.

Polished blackmailers, men and women operating together in a number of large cities, including Chicago, are said to have fleeced victims of more than a million dollars since the first of the year. Men and women of wealth were the chief victims. The evidence shows that the ruffians, which resulted in the shake down in the majority of instances had its inception over a high ball in a high class cafe or at an exclusive hotel dance. Middle-aged matrons, traveling without their husbands, proved easy prey for the soft-handed, glib-tongued, dancing floor, while aged millionaires, seeking gaiety under the bright lights without family chaperonage, walked into the net woven for them by attractively gowned and cultured young women betwixt whose eyebrows and their professional smiles the secret service has run part of the blackmailing gang to cover, but it has worked with great difficulty because of the reluctance of victims to divulge details, fearing social ruin if their stories became public property.

REALISM CARRIED TOO FAR.

The Argus acknowledges receipt of the appended communication from the joint office at Boston of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and the American Humane Educational society:

Boston, Mass., Sept. 14, 1916.—Editor The Rock Island Argus: Please accept our thanks for your editorial, "A Cruel Incident," in The Argus for Sept. 11. We greatly appreciate publicity of this kind for it certainly helps to turn public sentiment. I might say that we have often taken up this very issue with motion picture authorities and we are glad to say that attention has been paid to our recommendations.

Yours cordially,

(Signed) GUY RICHARDSON.

Intent on realism in motion picture productions has led to such shameful acts as this communication refers to. The Argus authority which has received the commendatory reference, as may be recalled, condemned the unnecessary portrayal of the death from poisoning of a goat in the early scenes of "Hilda From Holland," a Frohman picture.

Realism is what separates the moving picture drama from the stage, and makes it the more strange and enjoyable. It is that which has given the screen production the place it enjoys today. People have grown tired of "acting," which is fast becoming a lost art to many. They crave the real thing, in performance and in surroundings, and are quick to detect and condemn the artificial and the "staged" in what is presented for their approval. You can no longer fool them with studio settings. The people know the difference between the sham of interior scenes and things as they are. Too, they despise the poser who attempts to get to the front on his looks as well as the hero-eyeball-minute stamp. They want natural human beings and types

of men and women who fit the parts with as little of the makeup in character building as possible. They want men and women for what they are, or at least, seem by nature to be. The actor who works by tips and cues is too mechanical to appeal to the moving picture audiences. They want people who do things, rather than people who act for effect.

Their enjoy pastoral scenes with living objects, creatures and animals in their natural environs. They love the thrill of realism and they do not object to the thrill of the unreal that carries them into the realms of the outlandish. They appreciate rare and funny stunts and situations of the Keystone order, and are willing to be fooled, if it makes them laugh. But they abhor the vulgar, and in the same spirit that they hate vulgarity and all that appeals to the baser instincts, they deplore cruelty.

It has been said that some of the film producers, in their eagerness to outdo in startling realism, have bought up old horses, to be driven off cliffs to their death. These astounding feats of cruelty ought not to be tolerated. They are barbarous and there is no place before the public for the revival of the wanton cruelty of the Nero period. Let us hope that the new era in the moving pictures, but every decent lover of this form of amusement should put his foot down on brutal and inhuman performances.

THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT.

It would not be surprising if among the wheelmen of the city, who protested to Washington during the perilous days when the railroad strike was pending, against the surrender of the principle of arbitration, was the Interborough Transit company of New York, that now has a big strike on its hands. Just now, however, the president of the company is refusing to arbitrate with the public service commission's arbitration proposals, declares the Interborough "cannot arbitrate its right" to force the "master-and-servant" contracts upon its employees. "It cannot arbitrate its own good faith." And there you are. The shoe is on the other foot.

This strike, which is the victim of this strike, is helpless. The men are out fighting for their rights. The company will have no arbitration of its differences and it is obdurate. And thus runs the New York World's story of the situation.

The Hughes public utilities act stripped New York city of all authority over the traction companies and vested that authority in the state. The state's agent is the public service commission, but the public service commission has no power to deal with a situation like this. No power was ever conferred upon it to deal with a strike on the public in the event of a strike or a lockout, or to compel an investigation into the facts before a strike or a lockout could legally be ordered.

The legislature alone has power to act in behalf of the people, but the legislature is in session only by the governor. The suggestion has been made that the governor call the legislature together, but no hope need be expected from that quarter. A presidential campaign is in progress, and for the republicans of New York to enact emergency legislation dealing with the traction strike would be to repudiate all of their criticism of President Wilson's action in averting a general railroad strike. Such legislation would make Mr. Hughes a party will not throw away all chance of the presidency in order to relieve New York city, no matter what the consequences of this strike may be.

Ultimately the state of New York must make a program of legislation similar to that recommended to congress by President Wilson in his address of Aug. 29, but that will not come until after election, no matter if New York city should be deprived of all transportation facilities. The city must make the best of a bad business in which the hands of its government are completely tied by the Hughes public utilities act.

And thus it is that the public must be inconvenienced, and the workers denied their rights, because Hughes, when governor, was not big enough, against such contingencies have now arisen—and because the party of Hughes today is too much afraid of itself to apply remedial legislation while a presidential campaign is on.

Beautiful state of affairs—to be sure.

WHITE KICKS OVER.

William Allen White, editor of the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette, a leading bull mooser of 1912 and a supporter of Hughes for president, after conferring with Candidate Hughes on his western tour, has finally declared unequivocally in favor of the eight-hour railroad law as recommended by President Wilson and passed by congress. In editorials on the subject he says, in part:

"It is unpleasant to find one's self in disagreement with so fair-minded a man as Governor Hughes. I am at the risk of such a disagreement. The Gazette must, for its own self-respect, go on record for the eight-hour law as passed by congress.

"The principle of eight hours' work a day for all men is so highly sacred and specialized an industry that it is not an arbitrary matter. To enact an eight-hour law for all labor on railroads in order to avert a strike would have been a grossly unjust and the law was good as it went. A step forward is better than to stand still.

"To arbitrate differences that may arise in working out the law in actual practice, such matters as overtime pay, is, of course, wise and necessary. And of course it will be done."

"But the enactment of the eight-hour law in the face of a strike, or otherwise, was a fair and effective thing to do. The principle of arbitration will not suffer thereby. For under the law the whole matter of pay for the eight hours, and for overtime and for practical management of the eight-hour schedule is inevitably before the country for arbitration."

"Governor Hughes may well raise this vital question, but to carp at the principle of arbitration is a grave rather superficial view of a grave situation."

Selected by Tavenner

RAILROAD MAGNATE LEFT ABOUT \$100,000,000.

J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr., who died in Rome, Italy, March 31, 1913, left an estate appraised at \$78,149,024.

This does not include the trust fund created in 1867 for the benefit of Frances Louise Tracy Morgan, widow of the financier, by Julius Spencer Morgan, her father-in-law, which fund is now appraised at \$11,115,952. Nor does it include property outside New York state and not subject to its tax law. In 1913 the sworn value of Mr. Morgan's English property was \$5,899,125. Since that time much of the English property has been brought into this estate.

When Morgan died three years ago his estate was estimated at from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000. The present valuation by state appraisers is low for the money they have in their hands. Morgan's estate was appraised as of the time of his death. Since that time many of these securities have increased in value enormously.

The appraisal is based largely on valuation by experts who are naturally and properly interested in serving those who employ them in their expert capacity. For this reason they made low estimates for purposes of taxation. Competent judges like Mr. Duveen and Mr. Knoedler estimated the value of Mr. Morgan's art collection and library at the time of his death at from \$50,000,000 to \$60,000,000. Morgan's estate compares favorably with some of the large estates recently appraised but it is not much larger than that accumulated by the late Anthony Brady of Brooklyn, a self-made man. His appraisal was fixed at \$77,942,449. E. H. Harriman, another railroad magnate, left an estate appraised at \$69,688,564, and Russell Sage's property was valued at \$68,358,918. Colonel John Jacob Astor, who lost his life on the Titanic, had a gross estate of \$87,216,691.

One of the chief items in Morgan's estate was his \$29,875,847 interest in

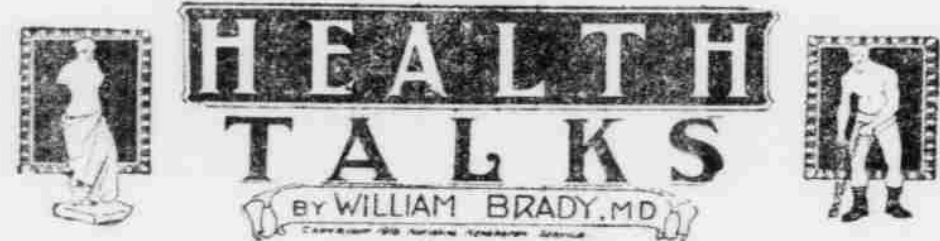
J. P. Morgan & Co. of New York City, and Drexel & Co. of Philadelphia.

A REMARKABLE ADMISSION.

Brave words were those of Senator Tillman, spoken in the senate a few days ago when a bill dealing with Arlington National Cemetery was under consideration. Reaching back himself into the strife of the Civil war, and taking an active part in the reconstruction of the south, his life has been continued on into a new age. Not only this, but his career has been storied and active. He has been a hard fighter and a good loser. Yet this old man who has of late years shown so many evidences of a kindly heart has said this:

"I never believed it possible that I could do it, but slowly and by degrees, I have come to think that it was best for all concerned that the war should be ended. Slavery was a curse which had to be destroyed ere the south and the world could advance. It was a curse for which the south was no more responsible than the north. Both sections were responsible—and both paid four long, bloody years of penance for their part in it. I had to go, and while it went in the worst possible way and its going gave birth to an apparently unsolvable problem, still I was born in and of the old south, and glad it is gone never to return. I am glad, also, that the idea of nationality has supplanted that of confederation, despite the danger involved. I can find it in my heart to want to make the amphitheatre at Arlington truly national in its scope."

It is such things that mark the sublimity of human nature. Not the words of defiance, not the deeds of violence, not the selfishness of life itself marks man's highest estate, but the recognition of wrong, its repudiation, and the acceptance of the right. Any man can defend a wrong, and not a few will die for it; but it is a rare man who will admit his error, and express joy at his own defeat.



TIC OR HABIT SPASM.

In the presence of ladies or a clergyman the most profane man will talk for an indefinite time and never stop. In the presence of a lady or a clergyman the most profane man will talk for an indefinite time and never stop. In the presence of a lady or a clergyman the most profane man will talk for an indefinite time and never stop.

A tic is a little less than a spasm, a little more than a habit. The word comes from the French. We have no good English synonym. The movements of chorea (St. Vitus' dance) differ from those of a tic in that the movements of chorea are involuntary, namely, that they cannot be controlled by the patient, whereas a tic can be controlled by an effort, just as a habit of swearing can. Take for example, a boy with habit of twitching or shrugging one shoulder; sit before him with a pin and let him understand that every twitch will be punctured with a pin prick, and he will control that shoulder for a long time, though ordinarily it comes several times a minute. If it were chorea such punishment would only make the twitching worse.

Like St. Vitus' dance, is usually limited to a single muscle or group of muscles. Here are some common tics: Blinking one or both eyes, winking or squinting; snuffling; clearing the throat; clucking or making other queer sounds with the lips or tongue; twitching one shoulder; whistling; making a hoarse, grating, or opportune swear words or obscenities quite unintentionally. The movement or muscle action occurs several times a minute as a rule, and the subject is unaware of it unless his attention is called to it.

Most tics have their origin in a nervous impulse and become habitual through undue nervousness. A boy or girl may develop a shoulder twitching tic as result of a tight armhole, a tic of the face started by inflammation of the eyes or lids, a tic of the neck started by a tight or irritating collar. Spasmodic tic is closely allied with tic in nature and origin. Often it is started by a temporary "stiff neck" or "muscular rheumatism," so-called. This local irritation is the trigger which sets off the tic.

FOREIGN PAUPER LABOR.

Hundreds of Mexicans were being recruited here today for service as section hands on eastern railroads. The Mexicans are being sent in lots of 50 and 100 after passing inspection by the railroad agents. With the movement of immigration from European countries curtailed, several of the larger railway systems now are sending largely on Mexicans for their section laborers.—San Antonio, Texas, Dispatch.

A few weeks ago the Pennsylvania coal barons unobtrusively gave an excuse for the advancing cost of coal that Austrians and other foreigners had been sent to Europe to fight for their native lands, thereby creating a shortage of laborers. Incidentally the mine owners will sell at increased price the coal mined by cheap labor, knowing that in due season the cheap labor will return.

These are but two of hundreds of illustrations that American laboring men can compile with "foreign pauper labor," in spite of the cry of republicans and politicians for many years that Americans can't compete with foreigners.

It has been the stock argument of high protection advocates that, owing to the different conditions in America and in foreign countries, an artificial barrier is necessary in order for American working men to make a living. But no republican politician ever calls attention to the fact that the foreign cheap laborer comes to America to offer the stiffest kind of competition.

Now Mr. American Working Man, which of these two conditions do you prefer to face? To compete with "foreign pauper labor" (as the republicans like to call him) 3,500 miles away, or compete with him when he is living in your city?

The foreign working man, under stress of circumstances, has learned to keep body and soul together on a pitifully small income. When he comes to this country the hardships he has endured in his old home become a sort of asset to him, making it possible for him to live much more cheaply than his American neighbor and consequently work for a smaller wage. Yet the small wage he receives in this country would have been big wages in his old home and he feels comparatively well situated.

The Argus would not close the door to any respectable, well meaning foreigner, but it would open the eyes of American voters to the fact that railroad companies, coal mine owners and other big employers get all the foreign labor they need, notwithstanding contract labor laws. The Argus calls attention to the fact that the republicans, in their apparent consuming anxiety to protect the American laborer, really protect the big manufacturers against honest competition and permit them to roll up massive fortunes while employing all the "foreign pauper labor" they can use.

There is one factor of American life that has done more to maintain the standard of wages in this country than all the protective tariffs that have been built, and that is organized labor. Were it not for the latter we would have high protection and the "foreign pauper" standard of wages at the same time.

If protection is the cure for the ills of the working man, why doesn't it do away with pauper labor in the European countries that have protective tariffs?

Protection is not a fundamental of political economy. It is not even a fundamental of the republican party. If you think it is, read the first few republican national platforms.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

THE ruling of Judge House at Muscatine that delivery of intoxicants at a home in prohibition territory constitutes bootlegging and is therefore punishable under the state law does not interfere with a native who chooses to cross over to the Illinois side, fill his tank and return to his own freehold, that is, providing he is able to find his way without summoning the police authorities to give him a helping hand. Neither will it discourage the growth of the newly formed Iowa Sulf Case union, members of which come here with time tables and charts of their home towns and go back with enough gasoline to supply those of their neighbors who haven't car fare.

CANDIDATE Hughes is to visit Niagara Falls. Inasmuch as the wind blows pretty strongly there it is sincerely to be hoped that his personal bodyguard will see to it that he does not protrude his curtains too far beyond the danger line, or as a safety first precaution he might be provided with a barrel. He has become such a devil since the opening of his campaign it wouldn't surprise if he did attempt a trip over the perilous dip. If he did execute the trick successfully, to Mr. Wilson to withdraw from the race, for when Niagara falls for you it's a cinch the world is yours.

Ain't Nature Grand?

It was good to be in the country yesterday and numbers of our citizens embraced the opportunity to get the invigorating season of the year. Whole families arose with the sun and spent the day rambling among the trees and wild flowers. Jones—of course that is not his name—was one of these. He took along Mrs. Jones and the two little Joneses. Jones appeared at his office today wearing a patch over one eye, with the result that he has been spending most of his time explaining that he was not punched by his wife or one of the neighbors. "No, there wasn't any trouble," says Jones. "Got up at 5:30 Sabbath a m. Wife had been enquiring over the grandeur of nature. She painted a picture of the country side, fresh air, bristling trees, fall tinted flowers, and everything. To be sure a fine time was had. Took along lunch. Came to a small stream. Wife was afraid she couldn't make it in one jump. Well, she didn't. I cleared first, being a venturesome cuntp. Wife came next, and as she was so interested in the kids shouted at her. She alighted about a pointed rock that extended from the water. Tore her dress, but womanlike she proved resourceful, and we were spared a public exhibition on the journey back. Father started a fine dry out her clothing. While standing near the lake commenting on the beauty of the surroundings one of my trouser legs caught fire, and the way the kids were laughing when I made the discovery momentarily I suspected they were responsible. James said it was no good; it would warm me. I did. We got a great car in the outskirts near the end of the day. Mother was carrying an armful of sumac or whatever you call it and a lot of other greenery—no it wasn't green, either. It was red and yellow. As the car hit a corner I got the armful in this hit area. Called doctor. Bill at least \$5. He said I'd have to keep the covering in place a few more. Mother hasn't felt the need of medical attention as yet, but if she has to keep on her feet much longer she'll probably break down and have a sick spell. I forgot to mention that James lost one of his shoes. While he was combing a tree one of them disappeared. When we got home I found it was a wonderful day."

LUCILLE Tompkins, 21, declares Edward Yale, 76, held the key to her heart for months and then locked the door to his affections in her face. A jury summoned Yale for \$2,000. Lucille asked for the modest sum of \$50,000.

THANKS, AWFULLY! That their lives are not sublime: For they have to work like thunder, To get their colium out in time.

If you think our colium rotten, And should be upon the shelf, Just you get around and bustle, And edit one yourself.

If you think our colium splendid, From beginning until end, Then we've won the goal we sought for, And perhaps we've won a friend.

So you can see that life isn't always a joke for the chap who lives by his wits. But a Chinese philosopher says there is an ounce of wisdom at the root of every gray hair. C. M. J.

FASHION mentors have decreed that our women will wear their party gowns tighter the coming social season. If they do they'll have to back against the wall to rest between dances. As for reclining in a chair we doubt that it can be done without flirting with embarrassment.

SOUTH Dakota Indian women are demanding the vote. At that they are more entitled to it than some of the men. Their Americanism is not to be questioned, at any rate.

Life's Little Fabricators.

"My husband and I do so admire your new car, dear, and we have regretted that we didn't make up our minds earlier in the year just what kind we wanted to buy. I think a roadster would do for us, but George insists on a larger car. He says there is no use in owning a machine unless you can afford pleasure for your friends. He says when we do get our car we will ask some of our acquaintances to go along when we take a ride. You know George is always thinking of others. That's his one weakness. I never knew a more unselfish man. Of course it's grown so late now that we don't think it worth while buying a new car. A car wouldn't be of any use to us in winter. It would lie in the garage all those months and simply deteriorate. But George says we'll be out early in the spring with one. If we can only agree on the make and style."

"SWISS Reject Third Rail."—Headline. The inference being that they will stick to the good old brew in future. J. M. C.

The Daily Story

Episode of a Film—By Sadie Olcott.

The way Miss Edith Manning's engagement to George Cross came to be broken was this:

Edith, when she was 17, had a love affair with Fred Stanford. Stanford's uncle was a banker and had a branch in Hongkong. He offered his nephew a position in his China house that would insure him a fortune in a few years. Fred accepted and went to China. Before leaving he tried to get Edith to promise that she would wait for him and marry him when he returned with his fortune. Edith was not sufficiently in love with him to make such a promise, but told him that if when he came back she felt as she did at his going she would be his wife.

Fred was obliged to be content with this and went away hoping that she would be true to him, though he had no reason to be sure that she would.

Up to this time Edith had been a school girl and had not seen many men, but soon after Fred's departure she was introduced into society and became a belle. She met so many attractive men that they neutralized her interest in them. Three years passed when she met a man who was capable of inspiring her with a grand passion. George Cross was one of those aggressive, strong-willed men who when they once get a woman under their thumb are liable to keep her there. The more he browbeats them the more passionately they love him. George proposed to Edith, and she felt into his arms as if she had been struck by lightning.

The Manning country place was a beauty. The house had been built by an architect who was also an artist, and the grounds, consisting of a dozen acres, were beautifully laid out. Mr. Manning, Edith's father, was very proud of it. One day a man drove by it who was looking for a place for a picture play. It was just what he wanted, and after inquiring to whom it belonged, he called on him and asked if he would consent to the use of his place for the purpose mentioned.

Mr. Manning asked how much picture business was involved, and when informed that a young man would be driven up to the house in an automobile, would alight and enter the house, later to emerge through the same door at which he went in with the star, the actress of the play, reenter the auto and be driven away with her, Mr. Manning gave his consent to the use of his place, and the pictures were to be taken the next day.

When Edith heard that evening at dinner from her father what was to be done she was much interested and awaited the arrival of the movie men with impatience. The next morning,

Day in Davenport

Boy Runs Away—"Gee! I wish I could go out west and ride broncos and punch cattle and be a regular cowboy!" Utterances like these go to be so common around the Hoffman home, 942 Grand avenue, that they were hardly noticed after a time. Thursday afternoon Hugo Hoffman, 13-year-old son of Mrs. Mary Hoffman, left home, and since that time has not been seen. His disappearance was reported to the police Saturday night, and they were asked to put forth every effort to find the lad.

Francis Sent to Asylum—Francis Francis, charged with larceny and bound over to the grand jury has been sent to Mt. Pleasant for treatment at the state hospital for the insane. He was given a hearing Saturday. Francis was found some time ago sleeping in a shed with a number of burglar tools. He was charged with possession of the same. He was implicated in a series of burglaries that occurred on the hill but could tell no coherent story.

Marriage Licenses—Eight marriage licenses have been issued as follows: Thomas Brown and Christine Peterson, both of Davenport; Clark Harding, Moline, and Delia Johnson, Keokuk; E. Ross and Miss Arndt, both of Moline; Ora C. Rich and Cora E. Hubbard, both of Cedar Rapids; H. Harger Blish, Des Moines, and Ruth G. Steele, Davenport; Walter J. Levens and Rosie Watson, both of Davenport; Howard J. Deane and Etelle Miner, both of Davenport; and J. M. C. Quigley and Mary Gildea, both of Davenport.

State Witness Missing—What has become of David Fisher of West Chester, Iowa, is a question that is puzzling State's Attorney Henry H. Jebens. That he left home to keep from testifying against the race-horse men is the prevalent opinion. He was last seen in a photograph drawn from the story told by members of his family. Fisher is said to have been defrauded of \$10,000 by the greenbacks. He had promised that he would appear for the state before the grand jury but when he was sent for it was learned that he had disappeared. His disappearance occurred about two weeks ago at about the same time that the grand jury went into session.

Death Called Accidental—The death of Walter Meyer, 19 years old, of Hartford, S. D., was caused by the accidental opening of a gas jet in his room, according to the verdict of a jury called by Coroner J. D. Cantwell for an inquest over the remains of the lad at 7 o'clock Saturday evening in the office of Justice of the Peace Phil Daum. Six witnesses gave their verdict of the affair. Dr. B. J. Allen of the Universal Chiropractic school, who met the boy at the train, told of taking him to the rooming house conducted by Mrs. Lena Bartlett, at 318 East Sixth street. Miss Bartlett, Fred Bartlett, Miss Minnie Harper, J. A. Anthony and Officer W. M. Schwinden were the other witnesses. Meyer came to Davenport on the train, and he arrived in the Universal school, and paid \$2.75 to the school with a check which he had. Another check for \$25 and \$5 in cash paid for the books which he needed. At the time the body was found, \$35 was found in his clothes.

Obituary Record—One of the first clear whistles in Davenport, Adelphi Herman, 70 year old, passed away at his home, 1315 Ripley street, at 3:45

hearing an auto coming up the road-way, she went to the window and saw the leading gentleman of the play, who was not in the play, showing in his buttonhole, being driven up to the front entrance.

Now, it did not occur to Miss Manning that the scene was being photographed and that she would appear in the picture. Quite likely it was her interest in something novel to her that prevented this entering her head. So serious was she that she leaned out of the window, keeping her eyes fixed on the top of the actor's silk hat immediately below her till he had disappeared within the vestibule.

The leading lady had arrived and was downstairs waiting for the leading gentleman, though Miss Manning was not aware of her arrival. Eager to see what would happen next, Edith maintained her position.

Suddenly she felt herself clasped from behind and a man's beard against her cheek. Turning her face, she recognized at once her former lover, Fred Stanford.

The photographer must have been a scamp of the first water, for he took a close up picture of this episode, which was not in the play, showing Edith in the arms of a man, and the light striking her face, a fair likeness of her was obtained. By the time the leading gentleman and lady emerged from the house Edith and Fred had disappeared from the window.

When the film was made up the person who did the work, supposing that the window scene was a part of the play, left it in.

Well, the rest of the story—the principal part of it—needs no telling. When George Cross heard that a picture of the Manning place was given in a movie play he went to see it. He saw more than he had expected—his fiancée in the arms of a strange man. None of Edith's friends up to this time had seen the play, and before they did the window scene had been eliminated. But George Cross had seen it, and that was enough. He wrote a note to Edith, peremptorily breaking the engagement between them.

Had he told her the cause all might have been explained; but, being one of those up and down men, like Caesar, whose wife must be above suspicion, he desisted to give any reason for his action. At first Edith was stunned, but when some time had passed without another word from him, she learned the cause of his treatment of her, she turned against him, and, though he afterward begged her forgiveness, she never gave it.

She was consoled by Fred Stanford and rejoiced in the episode that occasioned her break with him. For Stanford proved an excellent husband, and she had quite enough of Cross.

One daughter preceded him in death. He leaves also one brother, Samuel Herman in Great Falls, Mont.

Mrs. W. Jacobs, 809 West Third street, has received the news of the death of her son, Henry F. Kahl, who passed away in Dool, Iowa, Saturday morning. The remains will be shipped to Davenport and will arrive here Tuesday morning. The funeral will be held from the home of the daughter Tuesday afternoon, with interment in the city cemetery. The deceased was born in Germany, Feb. 25, 1841, and came to America when a young man, making his home in Davenport for a number of years. He moved to Dool 43 years ago. Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Johanna Kahl, and three children, Mrs. F. Kahl, eight children, A. E. Kahl of Aurora, Tex., Mrs. William Jacobs of Davenport, Henry F. of Dorset, Minn., Mrs. F. R. Butler of Fort Morgan, Col., Mrs. Berta at home, Mrs. George Cobb of Cherokee, Iowa; Mrs. C. G. Fitzgerald of Alford, Iowa, and Mrs. F. A. Johnson of Madison, S. D., also one sister in Davenport, Mrs. Elizabeth Rastack.

Will Hold Contests—Preliminary plans for a series of contests to be held during the present school year at the rural schools were discussed at the meeting of the executive board of the Scott County Farm Improvement Association, F. J. Sessions, H. E. Rorer and G. R. Bliss were named as a committee to take up the plans. It was decided to hold the general letters to the farmers, teachers and school directors, calling attention of Seed Corn day, the farm tour, and ask their cooperation in these projects. The meeting was held at the Commercial club.

Daily History Class—Sept. 18.

1567—The first town in the present home territory of the United States was founded by Spaniards at St. Augustine, Fla.

1772—Poland divided by conquerors the first time. Russia received 4,157 square miles, Austria 1,300 and Prussia 1,000. In 1793 the same powers took the rest.

1873—Crash in Wall street, beginning of five years of hard times.

1914—Allies began siege of German lines on the Aisne.

1915—Vilna, a fortified railroad center northeast of Warsaw, was taken by the Germans.